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LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

The wild sea thunders on the shore,
The wind blows chill from off the wold.
The sea-gulls gather on the cliffs,
And prate and chatter of the cold;
The hoarse winds blow, the sun has set,
And "Life," I said, "is like the sea—
Cruel, it casts our wrecks ashore,
In tempest and in misery."

A singing voice came up the cliffs,
A child with blue eyes, grave and sweet,
And fair hair blown about her face,
Raced up the path with flying feet.
"The fishing-boats are in!" she cried,
"We've watched for them a day or more."
And looking down I saw the nets,
And lights were glancing on the shore.

"At yester eve my mother wept,
The white gulls flew far out to sea,
The great waves beat upon the sand,
The surf rolled in so heavily;
At yonder door she stands and waits."
And singing still, she flitted past.
"I thank thee, O my God!" I said,
"There are whose ships come back at last!"
—*Amalie LaForge, in Scribner's Monthly.*

ISAAC LEMMON.

"Sartinly you shell go to skule, Ike, my boy. It's a lib'ral eddicashun, too, you're goin' to hev. That's wot I got m'self; an' I've allus meaned to do ekally well by you."

When he was only ten years old, Isaac had lost his mother, a woman of delicate nature, of some early advantages, and tenderly zealous to see her boy start in life face foremost. And under her kind tuition, Isaac had soon surpassed his father in familiarity with the few books at hand, and in hunger for more. Thus it was, when we found him husking corn, that his speech was already "out of the backwoods," though he lived in a country of that quality.

It was, therefore, a jack-frost on his young hopes that his father, none too bright by nature, and crude by contact, set himself up an as educational model. But somehow, by the rule of contraries, Isaac had been born on the sunny side of the fence. He rallied from "ekally well;" and, with an amateur eccentricity as a cross-questioner—a trait which afterwards became famous, as also professional—he husked an odd red ear and said:

"Well, father, what is a 'lib'ral eddicashun'?"

"Why, boy, thar's the spellin'-book first. I parsed baker in that. I larned to write my name so 'most anybody could make it out. An' thar's my old alimentary 'rithmetic in the chimbly cuburd; I figgered clean outen long division. An' I callate as how I'm a liberally eddicated man. Wot more does a fellow need? 'Tany rate, there ben't nobody as knows more'n I do, I 'lect, in these 'ere parts of Injeanny an' this year o' grace 1822."

"When do you think I ought to start in and plow this book pasture?"

"Waal, you've got lots o' time. You're only thirteen now; an' I mean you shell go to skule this very winter comin'. I want you to git started young, you see."

Isaac didn't quite "see it." But complaint of parents wasn't in him, and he only merrily inquired: "How many years will it take, do you think?"

"*Years!* I should say a right smart fellow like you mout cifer clean through that 'rithmetic in three or four months, 'sides readin', writin' an' sich."

"And how long did it take you, father?"

"O, it took *me* 'bout three o' four winters. But then, I didn't hev no sich 'arly 'vantages as you've 'ad. My father'n mother wa'n't eddicated folks. You've already larned to hum to read the Scripter mighty well—smart an' good woman your mother wuz. An' you reads them bits o' noospapers you picks up in town sometimes. You've allus heered good talk an' kirrect grammar to hum, too; but I didn't when I was a boy. You know, too, that Jimmy Monroe is President. Why, I tell you, you're a purty well eddicated boy 'thout goin' to skule 'tall. You'll be one o' these self-eddicated chaps 'fore we know it. But tip over the next stock! See, the sun's in the tree-tops! We've got to shuck this 'ere row through agin sundown."

Isaac obeyed. While husking corn he had also husked his father's ideas of education, and thought them nubbins. But the father, in turn, had not reached the prolific kernel of the boy's larger notion of knowledge.

But who was this lad, that the story of his growth becomes worth narration?

Isaac Lemmon's father was a pioneer farmer of small acres in Southern Indiana nearly sixty years ago—a rolling stone from Kentucky that gathered but a trifle of moss. At thirteen Isaac was a tall bony, awkward, bright, good boy. His face was long, his mouth and nose were large, his eye was kind and his manner shy; and his coarse homespun pantaloons seemed never able to catch up with his growing legs. In contrast with his angular mould was a peculiar mirthful disposition. He had a large hand in youthful sports, and could laugh with the best, but did much of his laughing inside. He was a favorite with his young friends, for he could lead them in "having a good time" without exciting envy; and if he heard a good story he could straightway tell a better one. But he was equally fond of men who had something solid to say. He would stop eating any time to be told something new. But he did not meet many such men. His was a rude, hard life which few country boys are now forced to bear. But he never complained of his lot. His study was not how to shirk it, but how to make the best of it. He helped his father to the best of his ability, as one who had a right to his help; and he helped, just for the love of helping, many who had no special claim upon his kindness.

But school-time came soon after the husking was over. The schoolhouse at Pigeon Creek was a very narrow enclosure of logs, and its pupils of that winter were taught by Andy Crawfut, who dropped out of an academy for three months that he might have money to go back again.

Isaac went to school.

To him it seemed as if those few words expressed the triumph of his youth and the assurance of his manhood. He carried with him that parental "'rithmetic," to solve the problem of a "lib'ral eddicashun." He respected his father's opinions, but he did "feel shaky" about his definition of learning. He had listened to a country parson occasionally, and once or twice felt the thrill imparted by the average political stump orator at the county seat and had concluded that the knowledge of such men must be more liberal than his father's.

He was further inspired at sight of the clean, kind and clever young schoolmaster, and held a confidential interview with him at the close of the first day.

"Mr. Crawfut, please, father says I shall have a liberal education. Won't that take a good deal of time and money?"

"Well, yes, Isaac; about eight or ten years and as many hundred dollars, and short rations at that."

"And how many books will I need?"

"Not far from one hundred."

The young knight of one doggerel arithmetic and spelling-book stood amazed; then mused, as he walked home: "Ten years, a thousand dollars and a hundred books! I guess father's corn-crib can't stand it." But he didn't affright his father with unfolding the master's plans for education. But he grew greedy as he thought of what there was ahead of him in the book-world.

Mr. Crawfut took to Isaac strongly, loaned him books and gave him special assistance after school hours.

But now came a parental exaction—a cold, cutting hail storm among these pleasant hopes in the May of life and ambition—almost enough, it might seem, to justify filial rebellion; a load to strain even the trusty back of young and generous manhood!

Isaac had been in school six weeks with that "alimentary 'rithmetic," and of that short season he had made great harvest of the books of history and biography found in his teacher's little collection—mustard seeds that grew into shadowing national branches later. Then, one morning, his father very solemnly drew him aside and gave him this galling proof that the wisdom of Solomon—"If thou be surety for thy friend, * * * thou art snared"—had not worn out:

"Isaac" (his full name from his father always meant sorry business), "last year I signed a note for fifty dollars with neighbor Stokes. He's been sick a long time, lost his hoss, and can't pay. I've got to raise the money, but don't see how. Crops, you know, is next to nuthin', an' cordwood hardly pays for haulin' to town. *Now*, I'm coming to 'nawful hard spot. Wot d'you say, my son, to leavin' of skule an' a goin' to work for 'Squar' Rogers? He'll pay five dollars a month an' board fur ye. An' you shall go 'nuff more nex' winter to finish the 'rithmetic."

What answer would you expect from a boy of thirteen, who loves the first taste of books and craved more? A very bad face—a wry face—wouldn't you? Yes; but there are exceptional boys. Even Mr. Lemmon didn't know his own very well. He hardly dared look him in the face, for he thought he would rebel.

Isaac did shrug his shoulders, shook his head for an instant, and put on a false face in the form of a scowl. But he soon took it off, and looked up with a manly earnestness. The trait that grew old with him—sympathy for the innocent in trouble—was early upon him.

"Father," said he, "I'm sorry you've got the note to pay; lucky it's no bigger. But since you must, I'm glad if I can help. I'll do it; of course I will. I've pocketed some good starters in the way of ideas in these six weeks; and I can do something at study nights and noons, if I can borrow the books."

Then the situation seemed to assume a comical shape in Isaac's mind. He began with a smile, and broke into a laugh.

"I think I feel like the frog in the master's story-book who thought to equal the ox. I was getting puffed up with pride over what a great scholar I'd soon be, and now I'm busted—almost."

Isaac's more elaborate biographers do not agree that this was the only school he ever attended, though none allow him a year's schooling. But I have the word of one who was his daily comrade for years, that, on that afternoon, Isaac Lemmon left his first school, and left school for life; that is, the school that is made up of boys and girls on benches, and a master and desk at one end of the room.

He parted light-hearted from his teacher.

"I'll help father; and I shall feel better, anyway, to do as he thinks best. Father means to be good to me, but he's poor; that's all that ails him."

Isaac wouldn't sit down to cry under bad luck. He was rather original in his ease of coming down without giving up; and he had not become so attached to the school-house as to think it the only lane that leads to knowledge. He even felt stronger that he could feel hopeful under so grievous disappointment.

But Schoolmaster Crawfut "boarded 'round," and told the neighbors "it was a shame to take so bright a boy away from books and set him to chopping back-logs." He didn't know what mammoth burdens Isaac's inclinations to look on the bright side first was to help him bear late in life!

Once fairly installed as helper on 'Squire Rogers' farm, Isaac proceeded to find out what the old gentleman had in the way of books.

"Weems' Washington," he repeated to himself as he scanned the titles of the dozen books in the dingy little farmhouse cupboard. "Yes; Washington fought in the Revolution and was the first President. And that's about all I know of him."

He took down the small volume, blew the dust from its edges, glanced at its opening pages, and noted some of the incidents set down to George's early life, especially that at thirteen (just his own age) he had been thoughtful enough to write out for himself one hundered and ten maxims of business and good behavior.

Isaac instinctively straightened, as if sniffing the odor of a parallel to his own thoughtfulness.

"Mr. Rogers, I'd like to read this book; may I take it?"

"Of course," answered the 'Squire. "I 'low it'll do you good; did me. George Washington was a great man; an' who knows but you'll be, too, some day? But I want you to be pertickler keerful of it, though. It's all the history of the Revolution I've got."

By the after-dinner breathing spell of the following day, Isaac had marched as far as Braddock did, and was riding into that awful ambush with him, when the colts from the barnyard trotted up to the pump near the house for their noon drink, but found the trough empty.

The 'Squire noticed them and said: "Isaac, I wish you'd go and pump them colts some water."

"Yes, sir," responded Isaac mechanically, and started, with his eyes still fastened upon the page. It was December, but "Washington" went to the horse-trough with his young friend, who pumped and read while the frisky colts crowded around. The black had his nose in the trough just beneath Isaac's left hand, when the sorrel playfully bit him. Up bobbed the black's head, hitting the hand and tossing "Washington" into the further end of the trough.

Isaac wished that himself instead of the borrowed book had been given the ice-water bath. And he felt as much "bound in sheep" as was the book, for he saw the 'Squire at the window and knew he was muttering. "Why will boys be fools?"

The colts didn't drink any more that time, and Isaac left Braddock to fight on till he should be dried.

"I'll pay for this, Mr. Rogers, if you'll let me," he said, as he entered that old gentleman's presence.

"Reckon you'll haf to, boy. Hope you won't get that airy crazy for readin' agin soon. I never wuz."

"How much will a new book cost, please, sir?"

"'Bout ten shillin' I reckon."

"That's just a week's wages. Well, I'll keep the wet book and work a week over my time to pay for a new one."

And as Isaac opened the book and stood it on the mantel-piece above the blazing fire, where he knew it would dry by evening, he smiled, as if rather glad of the accident. He'd have the book for his own now.

"I believe," said he one day, "I like to know about men better than about boys. That's what we boys are coming to if we have good luck."

While in school he had become enamored of "Æsops' Fables," and while at work borrowed the little book of the school-teacher, and made himself very familiar with the talking animals and the morals of their mistakes.

The Bible never went out of fashion with him as a reading-book. It had been his mother's companion. Much of it he read many times while a boy. He used to say, "It seems like Mother is looking right into my face and smiling when I'm reading her book."

A few years after he had helped to pay that note, his father removed to Illinois. And there, in absence of other capital to give Isaac a start for himself, he "gave him his time"—relinquished legal claim to his earnings before he reached the age of majority.

"Now what will you do for yourself, Isaac?" his father asked.

"Go to work for myself;" and off he went, a droll piece of pluck, good nature and economy. His traveling suit was light—a broad straw hat, hickory shirt, blue denim pantaloons, and bare feet to save his only pair of boots, while all his spare clothing was bundled into a colored cotton handkerchief and swung over his shoulder at the end of a broomstick.

He tramped into a neighboring county and took work with a farming uncle at eight dollars per month and his "keep." His days he gave to the farm, and his evenings to further study.

Years later his gray old uncle often told the story of this period, running on in this line:

"He wuz a mighty good boy. I never hed to tell him more'n oncet to do a chore or bit o' work. An I was so sartin of his willin'ness to work, that I skasely ever *told* him; I 'most allus *axed* him, an' at it he went with a jolly 'yes, sir,' an' a whistle. Nor I wa'n't never onazy as to *how* he'd do the job; 'twuz better'n I'd do it m'self, an' jes like the farm was his'n. I tell ye he knowed a heap 'bout work, 'swell's books. An' wot he didn't know he learned fust time tryin' of it. He allus 'ad a kind o' gen'us for makin' hard work soft like.

"An' sakes, boys! Ye jes orter see him study! Iverlastin'ly readin' suthin', w'en he 'ad to wait fur a meal, an' arter dinner w'en my boys loafed, an' o' nights—waal, I've no idea how late; but he wuz up fust every mornin'. He didn' spen' no money fur fine clo'es—jes flung on the fust duds as come 'andy. 'Adn' time to fix up,' he said. An' fact is, he' waz so much on 'im to kiver, 'twuzn' quare he got tired tryin'. But he buyed his own taller-dips fur night readin', though I never spoke agin his burnin' mine.

"O, he wuz square in deal as ye could saw a log, an' as good every way fur a farm hand then as he is now fur a——"

One winter Isaac was clerk in a village grocery, and afterward put his time against stock and became a partner. While there he once discovered, on adding the items of a bill of goods after the customer had gone that he had taken a sixpence too much. After closing the store at night he walked two miles and refunded that sixpence. Another time he sold a lady a pound of tea the last thing at night. But on opening store the next morning he noticed that the balance-weight was in the three quarter notch. Before he ate breakfast he carried the lady the other quarter-pound for which she had paid.

Again "Uncle Sam" made Isaac Lemmon master of a little postoffice. And when the unprofitable venture was discontinued there was a small balance due "Uncle"—"to be called for."

Some years after, a buttoned-up official-looking stranger stepped into an Illinois law-office and asked:

"Is Isaac Lemmon to be found here?"

"I answer to that name, sometimes," said Isaac, drily.

"Were you once Postmaster at ——?"

"I had that notable honor—first Government office I ever held, and don't expect ever to hold another."

"My name is Henry Oldsmith, special agent of the Postoffice Department at Washington, and I have called to collect something due the Government from you."

Friends sitting by, who knew that at times since then he had been as poor as the church mouse, began to offer aid, as they saw his face take on the air of reflection.

But Isaac rose up slowly, scratching his head, stepped behind a rough board partition, reached under an old lounge on which he "bunked" at night, and drew forth a small home-made pine chest. From among a "mess o' traps" inside it, he fished a strong cloth pouch and returned to his seat.

"How much, Mr. Oldsmith, do you say is due?"

"Sixteen dollars and eighty-four cents."

Isaac began counting out silver and copper coins of all sorts amid the profoundest silence of all men and things but himself and the "chink." Though the spectators were few the excitement was intense, but suppressed till the last cent in the pouch had raised the pile on the table to sixteen dollars and eighty-four cents.

Then there arose an applause that was fair glory for a lifetime. Everybody shook hands with Isaac, and called half the village in to feed the ovation.

But one thought hurt Isaac—that any friend should have feared he hadn't kept the money. There it was, the identical contents of the cash-box of the defunct postoffice.

His model reply to their surprise was, "*I never spend anybody's money but my own.*"

These are samples of an integrity that is royal in boy or man—the mosaic of manhood. But he closed his labors as a grocer with a display of another quality equally royal.

"Lemmon," said his partner, after the store was closed one night, "there's a heap o' profit in a bar'l o' whisky, more'n all the rest we sell. Let's git one an' keep her on tap ahind the counter! Wot d'ye say?"

"No!" said Isaac, in capitals. "I think too much of myself, and don't hate anybody else bad enough to go into that all-killing business! My Mother taught me better when I was a little shaver; and all I've seen of it since has been on Mother's side."

"Oh! One o' them air high-moral mother fellows, eh! Wished I knowed it sooner."

"You may still have all the profit of that knowledge, Mr. Blakeslee. The man who makes sport of wise and gentle mother influence, I can hardly hope or wish long to share in business with. I'll throw in the four months I've spent here, and you may take all the stock and pay all the debts."

"Agreed!" said Blakeslee, with alacrity.

The dissolution was full of danger to Isaac, since Whisky was to take his place as partner to Blakeslee, and the debts, amounting to $1,500, stood in the name of the firm.

Shortly after this Isaac went off as Captain to the Blackhawk war. And on his return he found that Blakeslee had been his own largest customer at the whisky barrel, that most other customers had forsaken him, and that he had put almost everything into that barrel but the debts of the old firm. They were still visible.

Isaac saw this mountain of liabilities, and had only pluck and honesty to oppose to them—a good deal, by the way. Creditors called, and he smiled.

"But," said he, "gentlemen, give me time, and I'll pay in full if it takes my whole life. It's right, but it is a large lesson in hard money to me."

He jocosely called it his National debt, and went to work for its extinguishment. His war popularity soon made him County Surveyor, his self-made mathematics being the best in the county. Then he was sent to the Legislature for two terms, and both times made the round trip of two hundred miles on foot, hired a cheap room, boarded himself on twenty-five cents of the four dollars he received for each day, and wore clothes to match—all that he might save his salary and pay his "National debt."

And he did.

He practiced this rigid economy, not only without loss of respect but with the increased esteem of all who knew him.

I have already introduced you to Isaac in a law office. You would know, of course, that he and Principle always rode one horse to court. But, says his early bar companions, who is still among us:

"L. was good for nothing in a bad cause. He had no heart for it. And he never espoused such a cause knowingly. He was always ready to help misfortune; always willing to let wrong suffer punishment. Having never allowed himself to argue that wrong was right his mind remained pure and strongly in love with right, and the Nation got the benefit of it."

And now, boys, you'll say I've jested with you. So I have, in one point, as some of you may have guessed. There's a deal in a *name*. But the sweet kernel of the jest lies in the truth of my history-in-disguise; for the only mistake lies in the name of my hero, which instead of Isaac Lemmon, is Abraham Lincoln.—*James Clement Ambrose, in Wide Awake.*

—Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, who was one of the chief figures in the pageants and politics of six reigns, would never allow his daughters to sit in his presence, even when they were nursing him for days and weeks together, and in his eighty-seventh year at Northumberland House caught one of them involuntarily napping at his bedside and omitted her name in his will. In his last years his punctiliousness was so great that when his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, once ventured to pat him playfully on the shoulder, he turned upon her and said, "Madame, my first wife was a Percy, and she would never have taken such a liberty."

—A pair of steers sank in the muck of a Connecticut swamp, and a yoke of oxen were set to pull them out by a chain around their horns. One was drawn to a firm footing, but the horns of the other were pulled from his head. The agent of the anti-cruelty society is prosecuting the man who made the attempt to save the steers, on the ground that the humane action would have been to shoot them.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Protestant preaching is permitted in over 30,000 townships of France.

—The Western Methodist book agents have decided to exclude patent medicine advertisements from the papers published under their direction.

—Prominent Presbyterian clergymen have assembled recently at Saratoga to discuss the subject of educating German young men for the ministry.

—Six years ago the New York Swedish Lutheran Conference had only two churches. Now it possesses sixteen, and has appointed a traveling missionary for the State of Connecticut.

—The Tunkers, or Dunkards, in their recent meeting in Ohio, passed resolutions against Sunday schools, high schools, revival meetings, paid ministry, missionary plans or boards, money soliciting or begging, and instrumental music.

—The Eastern German Baptist Convention has just met in Pennsylvania. A project was discussed for uniting with the Western German Baptist Convention in a combined missionary work among the Germans of the United States and Canada.

—The Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention lately in session at Danville, Va., voted that the clergy should recognize the fact that the negroes within their parochial bounds are an integral part of their parochial work that must not be ignored or neglected.

—A "solid block of Methodism" is what Methodists call Antioch Circuit in Middle Tennessee, which occupies about fifteen miles square, and has nearly seven hundred members. In this whole territory there is no other religious organization, and probably not more than a dozen members of all other churches.

—Chaplain McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society, has a proposition for what he calls a Frontier Fund, under which ten thousand preachers shall raise or laymen give ten dollars a year each for ten years to aid in building churches in the far West, the money to be considered as contributions to the Church Extension Fund.

—Provincial meetings were held at different places in England during the sessions of the Methodist Ecumenical Council. The one at Leeds considered the history of Methodism in that city and the means of securing co-operation among the various branches of the church so as most widely to extend its influence and usefulness among all classes of the people.

—The Society of Geneva, for the purpose of promoting a better observance of the Sabbath, has offered a prize for the best essay on the subject, to be of fifteen or twenty-five pages. It desires the subject to be considered popularly from the practical side, and to bear especially against public Sunday festivals and protracted entertainments on Saturday nights, and against anything that may impose additional Sunday labor on servants and workmen.

—Young women have taken a remarkable place in the late examinations of the London University. The class for mathematical honors had but three members, one of them a girl, who took the palm; a girl also came out ahead for English honors; and two of the four for German honors were girls, who again distanced their male rivals; one of three, again, placed at the head for pharmaceutical chemistry, was a girl; and Miss Prideaux was first in the honors list for anatomy, coming from the London School of Medicine for Women, and beating both of her rivals from Guy's Hospital.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An era of good feeling—after dinner.—*Graphic.*

—Barnum's fat woman always appears in full dress.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—If a farmer has a dressy wife, he often is obliged to grow grain in the corn-field to enable her to gros grain in the parlor.—*Newton Republican.*

—"How did we come to possess our present dress?" is one of the questions by the editor of *Nature*. Can't say, sir. Presume the tailor didn't know you.—*Boston Post.*

—"You are a girl after my own heart," he said, earnestly, pressing her hand fondly, and with meaning. "You are a fellow after my hand," she replied.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

—"Why are you late," asked an Austin school teacher of a little girl, who hung her head and said: "We have got a little baby at our house." "Don't you let it happen again," said the teacher fiercely, and the little girl said she wouldn't, and took her seat.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The people who knew they could have cured the President should remember what Josh Billings says about the man who would always do such great things if he were there. "I have noticed," says the philosopher, "that that kind of a man never gets there."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—You may talk of unpolluted joy and all-wool bliss, a yard wide, but it is hard to lay over the keen, cool calm of the boy who rattles two mutton bones together, and sings the latest melody, while he sits on the court-yard fence and swings his sore toe in the evening moonlight.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Why Is It?

Why is it that a drunken man has such a fancy for railroad tracks? He will go miles out of his way to find one, and rarely misses the object of his search, even on the darkest night. When found he is invariably seized with an uncontrollable desire to take a nap there. There must be something soothing in the contact of the cold iron rail as he fits the back of his neck to it and adjusts his body between the ties in preparation for slumber. And frequently it is the last, long sleep that he takes. But what draws him there? Sober men wander about for hours drawn to a firm footing, but the horns of the other were pulled from his head. sometimes, hunting the depot in daylight, but the inebriate can strike a railroad track in two minutes when it is dark as tophet. And he generally gets there ahead of the train, too, though the train retaliates by getting ahead of him before the deal is over.

ANOTHER FIRE HORROR.

PHILADELPHIA, October 13.

A fire broke out at Landenberger's mill last night which was disastrous to life and property. It originated in the finishing room of the second floor, and spread through the building with amazing rapidity. About forty-five hands, twelve of whom were girls, were at work on this floor, but the majority were engaged in the spinning and weaving departments on the upper floors. The wooden stairways at either end of the building were soon ablaze. The bridge connecting the building with another mill was shut off from approach by fire-proof doors, and in the absence of any fire-escape a panic instantly ensued among the men and women confined within the building. They rushed to the windows, crying frantically to the crowd below to save them. It was proposed by the crowd to form squares in the street and catch the men and girls as they leaped out, but before anything could be done a young woman leaped from the fifth story. It seemed that every bone in her body was broken, for she never breathed after striking the pavement. After this the imprisoned people seemed to have become frenzied, and though the crowd outside sought to encourage them by shouting that help would shortly be there, they began jumping from the windows like sheep. A man, apparently bereft of reason, flung himself headlong to the street, and while his body was still in the air others followed, now a man, then a woman or half-grown girl, until, in a few minutes, eleven human beings, one and all unconscious with fractured skulls and broken limbs, were being carried by tender hands to a neighboring saloon, on the floor of which body after body was laid in a row, until vehicles were procured to convey them to the hospitals.

By this time the relatives of the victims began to gather outside the building, and the cries of mothers outside to their children still in the burning rooms, and their lamentations over those who had jumped and been literally dashed to pieces, were heartrending to hear. When the firemen were able to enter the building they found on the third floor the bodies of two females, burned almost to a crisp, and a man badly scorched and dead, but before they could search further the fourth floor, with its heavy machinery, came crashing through, and they barely escaped with their lives. The firemen were compelled, then, to desist from their labors because the floors had gone through to the ground, and machinery, charred wood and what remained of the unfortunate operatives, ten or twelve, were mingled together in an unrecognizable mass, which was seething and sending out columns of steam as the cold water was poured upon it.

The physicians say that the wounds of nearly every one admitted to St. Mary's Hospital will result fatally.

The total number of deaths will probably exceed twenty, there being ten bodies in the ruins.

Some of the workmen attribute the fire to sparks from the electric lights falling among waste, while others ascribe the sudden spread of the flames to the influence of over-heated wires. The same mill burned in 1872.

Daring and Outrageous Burglary.

A Turner Junction (Ill.) telegram gives the following particulars of a daring burglary recently committed at the house of Allan Fairbanks, a farmer living in Wayne Township, Dupage County. The thieves succeeded in getting possession of about $600 in cash and $10,000 in Government bonds:

About half-past twelve o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks were simultaneously awakened by a shuffling sound in their bedroom. Their eyes opened on three men standing near the foot of their bed, two of whom were pointing cocked revolvers at their heads, while the third carried a dark-lantern. With the burglar's characteristic oath, they bade the farmer and his wife to neither move nor speak at the risk of their lives. The two revolvers were then placed in the hands of one man while another proceeded to ransack the room. Finding nothing he seemed to want, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks were compelled to get out of bed and disclose the hiding-place of their money, which was concealed in the bed clothing. Mr. Fairbanks was led to another room and an effort made to compel him to turn over more money by holding a lamp to his bare feet. The torture availing them nothing, they led their victim back to the bedroom, and in his presence kicked and otherwise maltreated his wife. Her night clothes were torn from her body, and she was compelled to lie on the floor while the brutes rolled her over and over with their heavy and mud-covered boots. She acknowledged that there was a coffee-can in the pantry filled with silver. This was immediately taken possession of. Then a schedule of the silverware in the house was made out, but the ruffians said they wanted none of that. Finally the confession came that there were Government bonds up-stairs. One of the men said they had them already, but he indignantly threw the paper on the floor, with the remark that they were not dealing in that class of goods. One of his companions suggested that he was a fool, and himself pocketed the bonds. More money was demanded, and Fairbanks and his wife were marched about the house singly with cocked revolvers held between their eyes and horrible oaths ringing in their ears, as awful vengeance was pronounced if they kept back any information.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks have no children, but domestics are employed in the house. They were sleeping in the same room with the farmer and his wife last night. When the devilish ingenuity of the thieves had been exhausted in dealing with the latter, they then turned upon the girls and subjected them to infamous treatment. The younger was taken into a closet, and with the door shut the two brutes, pressing the cold muzzles of revolvers upon her cheek and forehead, endeavored to extort from her further facts. Gaining nothing, they dragged her back to the bedroom, almost dead from fright, and then declared that they were about to gibbet the whole family. As it seemed that the threats might be carried into execution the farmer, his wife and the girls got down on their knees and begged for mercy. Convinced at length that nothing was concealed from them, the thieves proceeded to tie the gags into the mouths of their victims and to pinion their arms and hands. Further torture in the tightening of the cords and removing and replacing the gags was resorted to to learn, if possible, something about the money savings of neighbors. The teeth were knocked out of Mr. Fairbanks' mouth, and one of the girls has the corners of her mouth torn back into her cheek. Fairbanks was pushed over upon his bed and left on his back, while the women were made to lie on the floor. The doors were fastened as the gang withdrew at length, taking the plunder already enumerated with them. The house had been well ransacked before the family were awakened.

After the burglars had left the house Mr. Fairbanks succeeded in releasing himself, and at once proceeded to the house of a neighbor, twenty rods away, where there had been a wedding. The guests had not yet dispersed. They flocked at once to the scene of the exciting adventures, and several men accompanied Mr. Fairbanks in immediate pursuit of the gang. Failing to get any satisfactory clew, they went to Chicago and laid the case before Lieutenant Currier and his staff. Mr. Fairbanks is an old resident, and quite well-to-do. He is between 50 and 60 years of age. His wife was greatly shocked by her treatment, and it was with great difficulty that she could sufficiently compose herself to tell the story here given.

The bonds were registered and will thus not be a loss to Mr. Fairbanks.

—The cup that cheers but does not inebriate—The buttercup.